

*The*

# Catch

*Cordova's Own Literary & Arts Quarterly*

FALL 2023



*Wild Like the Sea* by Mary Ladd // Ink & Colored Pencil

# dreamscapes

*Issue No. 10*

All donations go to *Friends of the Library*.

See you in the Winter . . .

With Love & Gratitude,



**Jillian Gold**  
**Editor**

The theme is: Souvenirs

**Mail:** Cordova Public Library // ATTN The Catch // PO Box 1170 // Cordova, AK // 99574

# Seasonal Catch

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## WRITTEN WORKS

---

Rob Ammerman // *Page 20*  
Christina Anderson // *Page 9*  
Sam Bair // *Page 25*  
Mary Anne Bishop // *Page 8*  
Oshiana Black // *Page 33*  
Rob Brown // *Page 32*  
Gabriel Cap // *Page 30*  
Jack Donachy // *Pages 16-17*  
Jeanie Gold // *Page 7*  
Jillian Gold // *Pages 4, 26, 31*  
JB // *Page 21*  
Greg Mans // *Page 15*  
Gerald Masolini // *Page 5*  
Simone Raymond // *Pages 18, 28*  
Steve Schoonmaker // *Pages 22-24*  
Peter Solberg // *Page 6*  
Scarlett Tarabochia // *Page 33*  
Mike Towle // *Pages 10-14*  
Kate Trudeau // *Page 34*

## PHOTOGRAPHS

Chris Byrnes // *Pages 5, 33*  
Jack Donachy // *Page 16*  
Ann Harding // *Page 6*  
Darcy Saiget // *Page 34*  
David Saiget // *Pages 4, 7*  
Lianna Towle // *Page 15*

## ARTWORKS

Hayden Alexander // *Page 12*  
Sergei Bogatchev // *Page 9*  
Kinsey Brown // *Page 25*  
Rob Brown // *Page 32*  
Bo Brun // *Page 19*  
Alysha Cypher // *Page 26*  
Mark Flanagan // *Page 14*  
Lydia Hamberger // *Page 13*  
Kehukai Kane // *Page 8*  
Polly Keats // *Page 11*  
Cora Kocan // *Page 22*  
Mary Ladd // **FRONT COVER**  
Amlia Masolini // *Page 31*  
Morea Masolini // *Page 31*  
Jude Nel // *Editor's Portrait, Page 35*  
P. Payne // *Pages 24, 27, 30*  
Elka Mae Prechel // **BACK COVER**  
Simone Raymond // *Page 20*  
Steve Schoonmaker // *Page 29*  
Sammy Stripes // *Page 21*

*Title Lettering by Jillian Gold*

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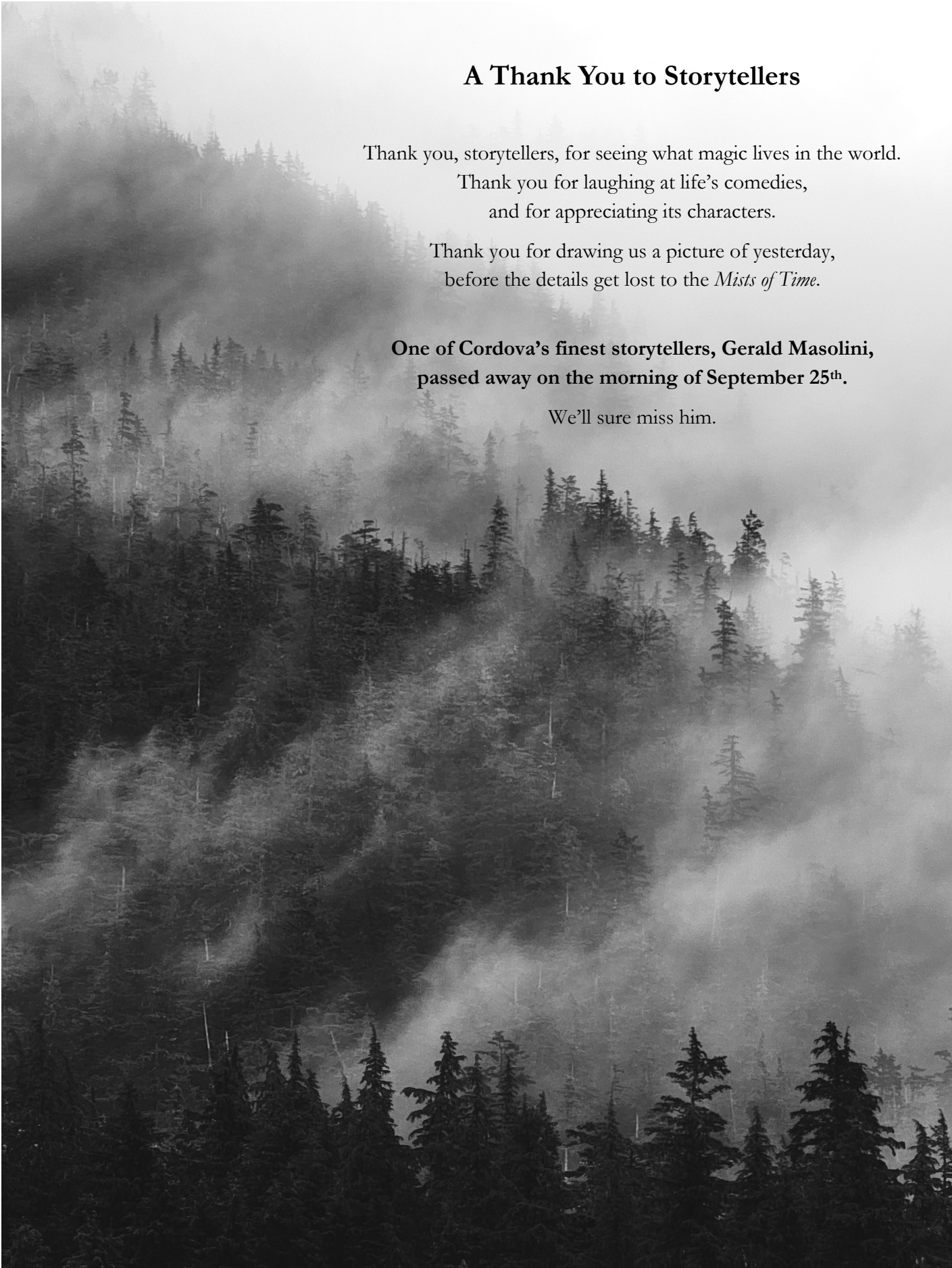
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## A Thank You to Storytellers

Thank you, storytellers, for seeing what magic lives in the world.

Thank you for laughing at life's comedies,  
and for appreciating its characters.

Thank you for drawing us a picture of yesterday,  
before the details get lost to the *Mists of Time*.

**One of Cordova's finest storytellers, Gerald Masolini,  
passed away on the morning of September 25<sup>th</sup>.**

We'll sure miss him.

Photograph by David Saiget





Photograph by Chris Byrnes

## Alpenglow

By Gerald *Pieface* Masolini

The following words are for year-round Cordovans . . . those hard-headed ones that know the long periods of wind and rain and snow will someday stop and their world will be suddenly sunny bright and beautiful, to a degree almost magical. And in that instant, we know that chinning up to all that tough-weather-in-the-face was worth it.

My favorite example of that magic took place a decade or two ago. A long-lasting winter storm was whistling and most of us were “hunkered” down, as they call it. A couple of us had bundled up for a quick run to the Main Street grocery store; George Olsen, Maryanne the clerk, and I were the only ones in there. George had been born in Cordova and, in his eighties, was a pillar of the community. He well knew the magic, stunning spell that can follow a storm and you’d think that maybe, in his eighth decade, some of that magic may have worn thin. As we left the store together, the tempest had come to a dead stop and there before us in the silence, loomed the Heney Range, awash in alpenglow. George stepped out into the deserted street, held his arms out high, and yelled, “I love this place.”



Photograph by Ann Harding

## **Peaceful      Beautiful      Alaska**

By Peter Solberg

Early quiet sunrise

Content white dream

Awakening silver morning

Happy blue glitter

Oatmeal and coffee

Peaceful tired Tuxedni

Net shimmering clear in the water

Wandering salmon

Peaceful Beautiful Alaska

# There is Holiness Here

By Jeanie Gold

Step away from city traffic  
and suburban sprawl

Set aside television  
and radio broadcasting

Disconnect from internet,  
social media and cell phones

Disengage from debate,  
dialogue and discourse.

Instead, meander and explore  
in the great outdoors

Venture into nature's  
quiet, peaceful places

Where birdsongs can be  
heard, unobstructed

Where salmon spawn  
and rivers run loud and clear

Where tides shift noticeably  
upward and down

Where wildlife scurry amidst  
bramble, and butterflies fly free

Where trees sway in the breeze,  
waterfalls tumble, and glaciers gleam

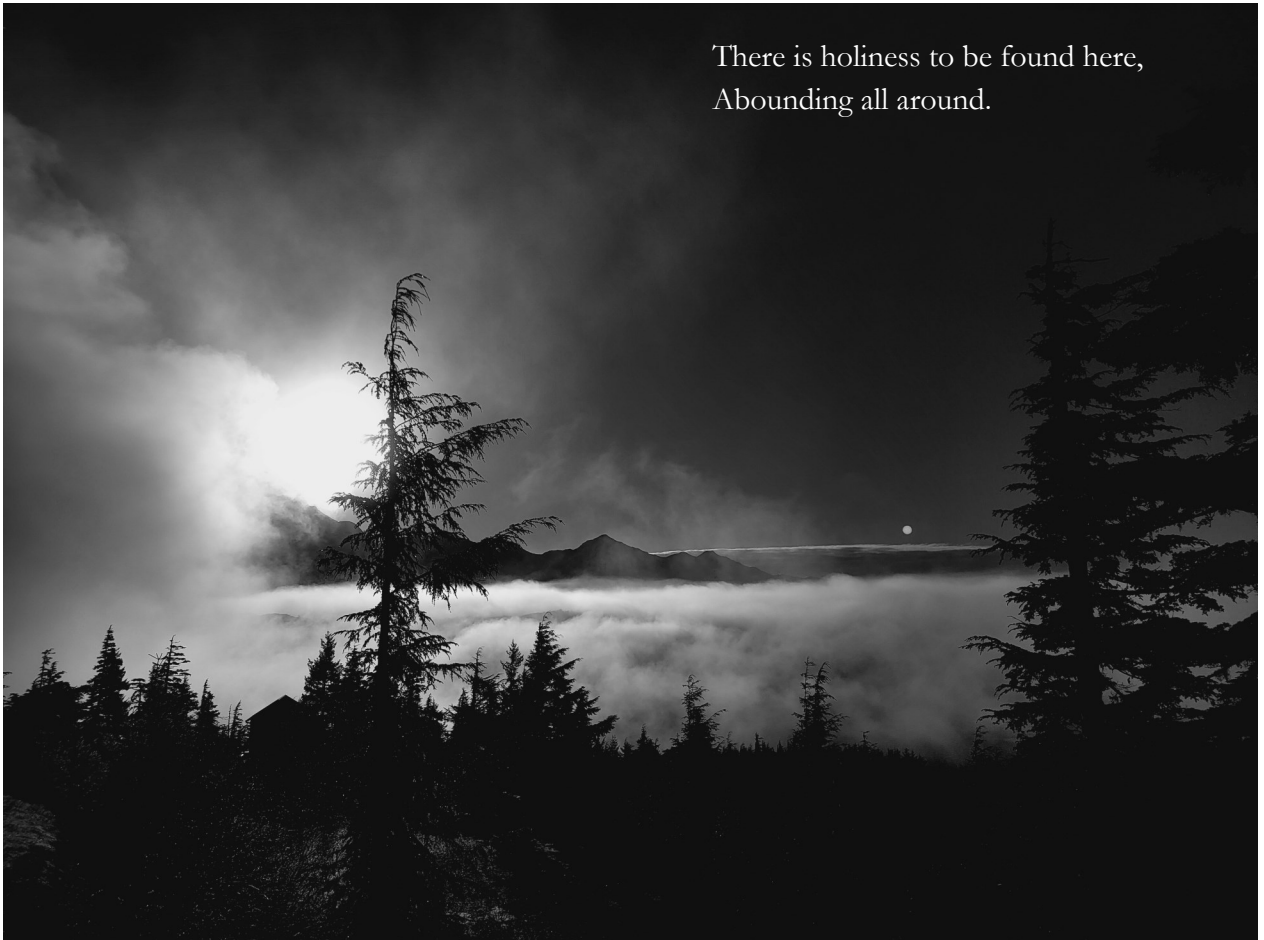
Where mountains tower  
and stars can be easily seen.

Close your eyes in these places,  
Take some slow, deep breaths

Listen . . . beyond limit of your ears.  
Feel . . . beyond boundary of your skin.

Stay for a while and drink it in

There is holiness to be found here,  
Abounding all around.



Photograph by David Saiget



## Hartney Creek Haiku

By Mary Anne Bishop

Watching from the bridge

Salmon schools hasten to spawn

Chased by hungry seals



Ink & Marker Illustration by Kehukai Kane

## Last Night's Dream

By Christina L. Anderson—*F/V Captains Choice*

Bean Cove was calling me – some unknown voice within my head,  
swirling through a westerly, tucked inside an ocean bay,  
possibly catch my attention?

Please understand all along – when life feels too one-sided,  
simply fly like the seagulls, until the wind whispers your name,  
thru a big wave's dimension.

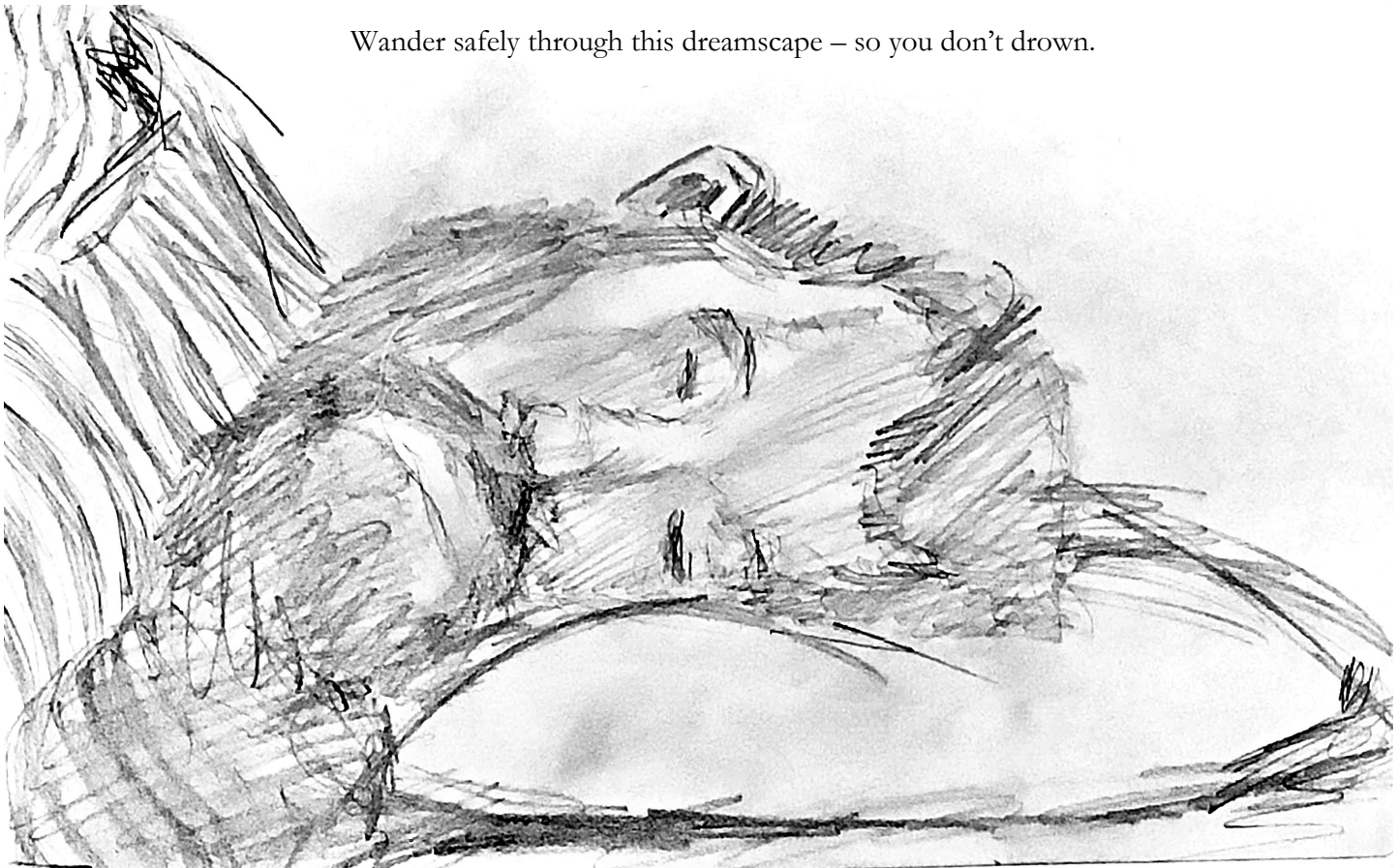
Will my movements prove righteous – within sight of our brethren,  
seeking out work adventures, located in stunning playgrounds,  
was this my God's intention?

Complicated decisions – take our brains 34 days (versus cats' 10)  
to settle our environment, hope I can land in the middle,  
maybe get an exemption . . .

Gratifyingly for residents – of the small town.

What a simply glorious idea – for such a clown.

Wander safely through this dreamscape – so you don't drown.



*Corey* by Sergei Bogatchev



**netmare** *noun*—1 an adrenaline-fueled, intense or frightening dream visited upon a fisherman, pertaining to the sea, sea creatures, their vessel, their competition or, in some unfortunate cases, all of the aforementioned at once

By Mike Towle

They can strike at any time—during the fishing season or after when you are home in your warm winter bed. I would wager all of us fishermen have them, these dreams I call “netmares.”

Netmares can be brought on by a variety of things; the sound of a motor approaching, the wind outside your window picking up a notch, some silverware clanking downstairs that may vaguely resemble an anchor chain running across a deck or, for me, the most unsettling of them all, just plain quiet and stillness.

Maybe you’re a seine crew member being startled awake by the image of the power block crashing down upon your head. Or maybe a drift captain being capsized by the surf. None of us who ply the sea can do so without these little seeds of fear popping into our psyche from time to time, reminding us, “Don’t get too comfortable mate.”

I find it fun to swap “netmare” stories with friends. The images and feelings they produce are relatable to us all and are often quite humorous. In the following paragraphs, I would like to share a few classifications I’ve come up with for the different types of netmares with an example of each from my own subconscious.

### **The Hard Breaker**

Now, this category doesn’t pertain to actual breaking waves (though the dream may be about breakers), but more the sudden and heavy punch that they carry when you are snapped awake. They come on fast and powerful and snap you right to attention with a hefty jolt of adrenaline. They can visit any time of the year, but I find the fall to be the peak season for these dreams.

One fall night I was startled awake by nothing. That’s right, absolute and utter calm. Noiseless, motionless nothing startled me from my sleep. “Ach! Something’s wrong!” my subconscious screamed through my somehow deep-yet-fitful sleep. My struggling eyes and confused brain could only make out tree branches outside my window. “Ah, holy hell! I’ve run aground!” I thought as I jumped out of my “bunk” and ran to the “bow” to see which beach or rock I had stranded my boat upon. But there was no rock. There was no beach. There was no boat. I was standing *aboard* my house in the “bow” of my bedroom frantically trying to find the nonexistent helm. Slowly I realized the true situation and comforted myself with the thought that my house has never drug anchor, not even once.

*(continues on next page)*





*Tell Me About a Dream You've Had Lately* by Polly Keats



## Mist Opportunity

Titled after the feeling of fishing in a dense sea fog, these netmares stem from the overtired mind. A mind that has trouble discerning simple questions such as; *Where am I? What am I doing? Should I be fishing? I should be fishing.*

I find these dreams to occur mid-to-peak season when competition is high and sleep is low. The root cause . . . fear of missing out.

One common netmare which falls into this category is the classic “I’ve missed the opener” netmare. For me, it is often triggered by the sound of an abrupt change in the *rpm* of an approaching motor. It usually goes something like this.

Inside my cabin, I wait for tomorrow’s opener. I’ve finally fallen asleep in my bunk after exhaustedly lying awake. (*In the distance my subconscious is registering the distant thrum of twin diesel motors. Of no consequence . . . for now.*) Outside, the competition is cruising into the bay,

tired from picking fish all weekend in another district and eager to catch a few hours of sleep before tomorrow’s rodeo. (*The thrum is getting closer . . . sleep on.*) There is no question in the competition’s mind where they are going. They point the bow for the intended spot and drive full-tilt toward their much-needed rest. (*The thrum becomes a roar . . . pay attention.*) The competition has arrived, they throttle down (*Severe rpm drop . . . somethings up!*), they drop the bucket (*They’re maneuvering!*), they throttle up to bring the boat to a stop (*Wake up you idiot! You’re missing the opener!!*).

I awake with a start and my first thought is, “Ahh! I’m missing the opener!” I jump up and look out the window. My net is on the reel! *Damn!* I look around and see boats, but slowly I realize that their nets are on their reels too. I see a twin diesel competitor throwing an anchor over their bow and hear them throttle down. Their motor shuts off. It was just a dream. I go lie exhaustedly awake for another couple hours.

(continues on next page)



*Iris the Siren* by Hayden Alexander (Age 8)



Ink Illustration by Lydia Hamberger

### The Slow Roller

The charlatan of netmares, these have a slow dreamy onset building to an intense crescendo which turns to chaos and a complete loss of control. More powerful than they appear at first, these are the netmares capable of taking one under if they are not paid due respect. These can be the worst as they begin gentle and lull fishermen into believing they are having a blissful lovely day of fishing ahead. This one doesn't wake you with a start, like the previous netmares, but lures you in until it grabs hold and takes you deeper and deeper into whatever fears are playing in the back of your mind.

In my most recent netmare of this sort, I was idling through Foul Bay on a glassy calm day. Suddenly, I see a wad of jumpers so I set

my net and it begins to light up. Tail-walkers splashing, not another boat in sight, the net is plugged with fish. I look back toward the cabin and see my loving wife and kids looking on happily. *This is the dream!* But slowly, things begin to take a turn. It's as if my subconscious knows that nothing in this business can be this idyllic for long. Another fishing boat suddenly motors into the bay. Competition. *Dang, FIRST ADRENALINE SHOT DELIVERED.* The weather starts to pick up and my boat begins rolling and pitching. *SLIGHT INCREASE IN BLOOD PRESSURE.* The other fisherman stops and watches while I load up yet does not set their net. The first sign that something is terribly wrong. This is when the lovely dream shows itself for what it truly is, the whammy of netmares.

*(continues on next page)*





Oil Painting by Mark Flanagan

More fishermen arrive. None make a set. Suddenly, I become aware that fishing is closed! I check the announcement and confirm that I am fishing illegally and have a net full of fish, and others watching on with disdain. MASSIVE ADRENALINE SHOT. *Abh!* I react instantly and frantically. Bumping up the throttle, hydraulics screaming, I begin to reel on my net as fast as possible. The weather picks up in intensity and becomes frighteningly rough. Defying all logic, the loaded net has blown up and around the stern and over the cabin. I keep reeling, popping every dropper off the net as it rips past the cabin. The tangle of fish drops into the sea. My wife comes out on deck and shouts at me to slow down and be safe, but I don't stop. I must get the net back. *Pop. Pop. Pop. Damn. Damn. Damn.* The boat gets hit

hard by a massive gust and then by a wave. I turn to look back in the cabin to be sure everyone is alright and see my two boys fist fighting over a blue crayon. I shout, "For the love of God, everyone just be cool! Only one of us can lose control right now!"

I wake up. I jump up from my bunk as I am all too used to doing. I look out my door. My net is on my reel, intact and ready to fish. *Phew. BREATHE. Where am I?* Foul Bay. *BREATHE. Is it open?* No. *BREATHE.* I laugh to myself. Disaster averted. Yet the lingering pain of the netmare is not the fear it has left or the feeling of losing control. No. The part that hurts the most, and leaves the unshakeable mark upon my soul . . . all those fish that didn't hit my deck.

I may never sleep again.



# First Blush of Maple

By Greg Mans

A small patch, but undeniably blush.

And, like plucking the first grey hair,

Another is coming.

I watched yesterday as a leaf fell. Just one, but then a few hours later,

Another.

Dried and green, it fluttered slow to the ground, whispering of time.

Small birds I've not seen this summer have arrived

And Monarch butterfly patterns have changed.

I wish I could still fly.

*Do trees ever worry if they have earned their sleep?*

*Are they ever afraid?*

These days call for bravery and trust.

Despite our load

Despite what we don't have

We move forward still.



*Beach Treasures // Photograph by Lianna Towle*

*On an island off of Foul Bay, in the Sound*

# Nymphing

By Jack Donachy

In fishing nymphs for trout  
the problem is  
you almost never see them  
an act of faith  
in water four feet deep

*I remember standing  
thumb out  
east of Hannibal*

And I don't know why  
I've come here  
a forest above the sleeping  
beaver meadow, detritus

*I waited, maybe two hours  
and walked  
into a harvested dead field to sleep*

the last skunk cabbage  
rotting in the swales  
aspens  
lit like yellow lamps

*cold rain became wet snow. It tasted  
like tin  
I was feverish*

*(continues on next page)*





drifting a gray no-name  
nymph down Minister Creek's furled seams  
thinking  
I will go blind  
watching this line

*wrapped in a heavy wool coat  
hypnagogic  
skimming a dream*

knowing there will never be another  
like the one he took there  
the brown and black bucktail  
hanging from its heavy kype

*where women in faded jeans  
cast to neon eddies  
on sidewalks glossy with rain*

The brown trout lay gasping  
pumping its gills, the old man's hands,  
and everything around us incarnadine  
*A spanner*, he said  
and slipped him back into the cold water

*their tapered blue lines  
bright, essing  
through pewter air*

we watched him fin  
and sink into the shadows  
rain dimpled  
the autumn-colored pool

*like lights  
banked in a shivering spine  
and it's dusk*

and it's dark  
the final light at last burned out  
and the blackness and cold  
bloating through the Alleghenies  
are urging me  
urging me

\*

\*

\*

# The War Against the Honey Bee

By Simone Raymond

Had they only known, they were confused.  
They did not know what they had to lose.

While hornets war on honey bees,  
And crows steal eggs from chickadees,

As malice plots a devilish doom,  
Innocence sleeps, rose-cheeks in bloom.

The rats of poison, eye of newt,  
All hexn'spells says "Go get that loot!"

The wasp, it stings, strikes at your head,  
And spiders try nesting in your bed.

There are secret codes, and panda eyes,  
And lots and lots of grown-up lies.

The poisonous and wicked tropes,  
Will cast you down slippery slopes,

Set you upon treacherous seas,  
And fill your sails with fallacies.

Saying, "Never mind what is True,  
Great Deception comes for you!"

The snake-oil salesman sells you bleep,  
And darkens you drown into the deep.

Those creepy clowns come in disguise,  
With viper hearts and pockets of lies.

They'll mesmerize with circus wheel,  
Eyes on the prize: those souls to steal.

They give plenty of rope and all,  
And then lean back and watch the fall.

"Do what thou wilt!" says free-will zone,  
Of pain and suffering, of flesh and bone.

Blue jays attack the hornet's nest,  
And Ancient Tomes are put to the test,

As innocence sleeps, rose-cheeks in bloom,  
The Vault of Heaven's question looms:

"In the war against the honey bee,  
Who will defend flower, fruit and tree?"

Had they only known, they were confused.  
They did not know what they had to lose.



*Venom* by Bo Brun // Ink, Marker & Paint Pen



## A Sonnet for Flora

By Rob Ammerman

A child woke to a haunted hotel  
Where moonlight swam over silk curtain wall;  
An orb alight to surf the darkened swell  
Where seance psychics gather spirits, all.  
Lady of the moon invites the child, rest,  
With towered gaze and rose upon her shawl,  
Plays ivory keys, the songs at her behest—  
Escape from death, this spirit's only call.  
Call beyond the realm of empty spaces,  
Candlelight for these dark, forgotten halls,  
Stepping softly up the spiral cases,  
Chills caress the air, inscribe their scrawls.  
Hands 'round a table, in light of a spell—  
Her spirit lives! may death no longer quell.



*Miriam by the Sea* by Simone Raymond // Charcoal on Paper

# Alluring Granite Space

By JB

Engulfed within these towering marbled walls  
this powerful river with its twists and turns  
will empty into the sea  
If I could just remain afloat  
it will lead to that faraway island in the ocean  
making these dreams real

As the sky booms  
snapping me back to the present  
Light fills the clouds surrounding the few visible stars  
the moon waxing to crescent  
In the lifeless desert  
insects chirp with warning and defiance  
Yet my mind still wanders in the deafening silence

Visions of you eating tropical fruit off the tree,  
lounging on a sandy beach  
novel in hand  
I peek over your shoulder to catch a glimpse  
of what you read  
but the words are in a language unknown to me

So for tonight I'll settle  
for a dream of you  
with a smile across my face  
this restlessness contained  
but not without a trace  
Knowing you won't be out of reach.  
And soon, when we meet again  
I'll hold you under the light of a blue moon.



*Illusions of Grandeur* by Sammy Stripes // Pencil

*Artist Statement:* I chose to draw basalt because it is one of the strangest natural formations out there being exceptionally straight edged and looking man-made. I wanted to fit it into a clashing mineral landscape with unlikely vegetation to get to know it better.



## Treed (*Ricochet Lightning*)

By Steve Schoonmaker—*F/V Saulteur*

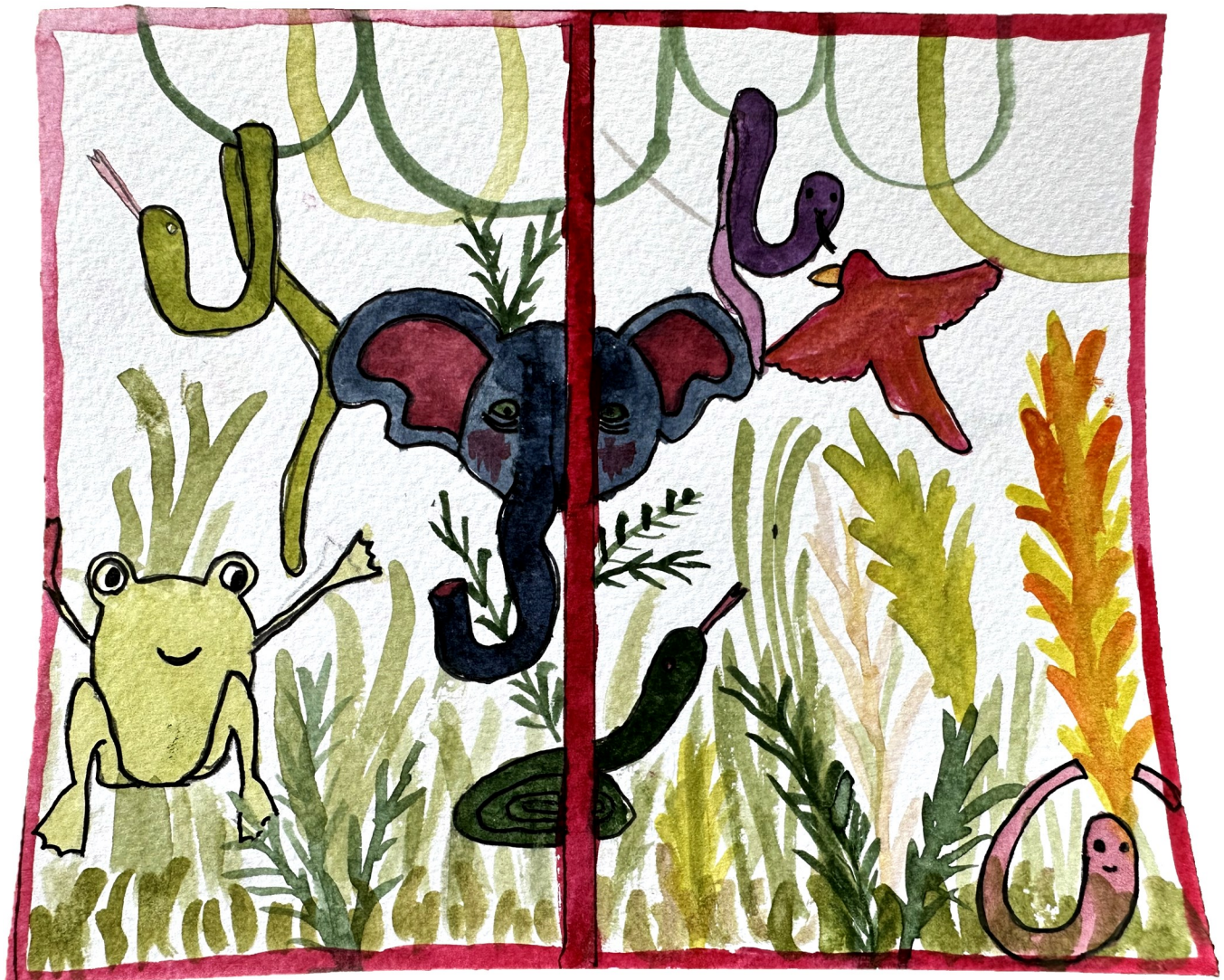
The smells of flowered jungle  
The smells of living  
time  
Since way before  
a value  
Since way before  
a crime

The sounds of birds and monkeys  
The damp of moss and slime  
A Mayan God  
of power  
in muscled stealth of prime

In spots of shadowed sunlight  
In hues of tawny dawn  
The flicking tail  
of Jaguar  
Its prey a tiny fawn

The Sun a burning ember  
Green canopy  
and mist  
Reclines a licking shadow  
where woven branches twist

*(continues on next page)*



*Jungle Dream* by Cora Kocan // Watercolor, Pen & Pencil



The faintest sound of something  
A ready perk of ears  
An instant tense  
of muscle  
The sudden sound  
of fears

The fears of former  
terror  
terror that comes with dogs  
Terror that strikes a landscape  
when a landscape's turned to logs

The Sky prepares with lightning  
Away is chased  
the blue  
Where thunder claps the skyline  
the Cat hounds  
give chase too

It's dark, and damp, and Earthy  
through depths of jungle green  
Come gaining whines and baying  
on scent still Cats paw keen

Escapes a fleeing  
shadow  
in blinding Sunshine's beam  
Awakes a sleeping nightmare  
Awakens Jaguar's  
dream

Where spirits haunt a jungle  
across a spacious past  
Where Mayan Gods get angry  
across a starry  
vast

Across a thousand seasons  
Below a sacred mound  
Across a temple's footing  
a Jaguar's bones  
are found

The weight of Mayan cosmos  
on ancient forest  
held  
Fall crashing support systems  
on ancient forest  
Felled

The spots on Mayan Jaguars  
were stars on Mayan  
Skies  
were spots of ancient power  
on crying Shaman's  
tries

The flash of sudden lightning  
A crack of rumbling  
high  
The screech of warning monkeys  
A roost of Parrots  
fly

A baying howl, and whining  
in falling pods  
of seed  
A tree's bark falls on  
Cat hounds  
An angry Jaguar's  
Treed

Dare enter  
mortal human  
within a leapers span  
Before a hound has wildcat  
El Tigre has a man

*(continues on next page)*



Mixed Media Illustration (*for a CD cover*) by P. Payne

Legs stretched across a kennel  
 a hound flicks toes in dream  
 The hound  
 awakes in howling  
 and a man awakes in scream

The night is hot and muggy  
 The hounds now howl and bay  
 Somewhere on a twisted branch  
 a Jaguar looks  
 that way

Typhoon clouds burst in rainfall  
 The Sea is tasting  
 soil

Where jungle creeks run muddy  
 Where rainfalls  
 only foil

Where jungle spirits wander  
 along a clearcut's  
 blight  
 When ancient Gods are fiction  
 but still put up a fight

Typhoons reflect our methods  
 Clear cuts reflect our might  
 Cat hounds reflect our progress  
 Jaguars reflect  
 our plight



*Untitled*

By Sam Bair

Whittier.

Birds are careening through the air . . .  
A break from the rain reveals the Sound.

Fall, and the nets are quiet.

I can hear cranes overhead in the afternoon,  
And at night the floating wedding cake  
Is all lit up.

Few people, and only one bustling about—  
just another deckhand between seasons.

Leaves are still green in late September,  
Nature supplies any missing companionship.

Soon these nets will be mended,  
And back to the metropolis . . .

Another winter of proletarianism.  
One more song, one more drawing.



*Dream of the August Harvester* by Kinsey Brown—F/V *Lucid Dream* // Acrylic on Canvas

*Flipper Child* by Alysha Cypher

Pen & Ink, Colored Pencil



## Dream Factory

By Jillian Gold

How quickly we became  
Plastic and machine  
Movie set façade  
High heel and car lease  
With all the trimmings

Fattened on the collective dream  
Of beach weddings in white lace  
Kitchen gadgets and holiday roasts  
Credit cards and Costco runs  
Suburbia, *Anywhere*

I sat by the Falls  
Awed by the prominence  
Of Industry's ghost  
And wondered how  
Artifice grips so tightly

Even as so many promises  
Are chased downstream  
By their own messy tailings  
Right before our eyes

I closed mine  
Groping for center  
In a world gone mad  
And where *I'm* the crazy one  
Breathing deep  
The smell of hair bleach  
Mingled with gun powder  
And all the filthy dollar bills  
In so many deep pockets  
Skimpy leg garters  
Pharmacy & liquor tills

I held myself there  
But barely

And then  
I opened my eyes  
And walked away





*Black Vulture and Philip Guston* by P. Payne // Oil on Canvas

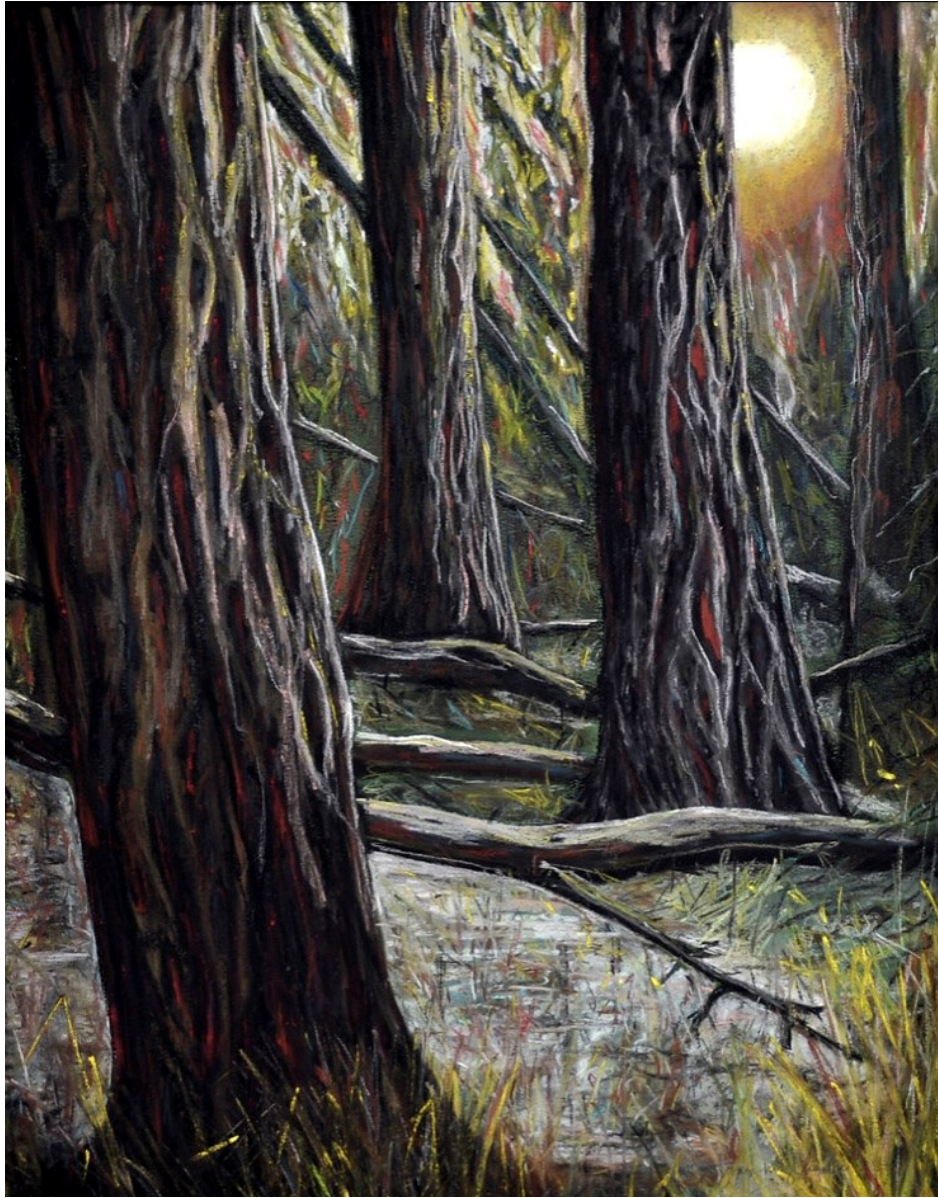
## Dreamscape

By Simone Raymond

The grey wolf comes and bids me follow  
down narrow path, past sleepy hollow.  
The night is dark and it is hard to see  
on I go past brambles and tree.  
He lopes ahead and out of sight,  
but before he goes he says,  
“Follow Light.”  
As I wander on along the way  
in blue hour that comes before day.  
The path is soft, of dust quite fine,  
a muted gold that feels absolutely divine.  
As light begins, in silvery thanks,  
the path meanders beside a watery bank.  
I notice something strange but true,  
the mud along the river is blue!  
I think I must be near the sea  
for the tide is out, or it seems to be.  
I stop to marvel at such a sight  
of surprising beauty, day from night.  
Down I step, my toes do test,  
I decide it is here I shall take a rest.  
The lovely mud is of a surprising hue,  
a pleasantly silken purple-y blue.  
It is warm, soft, gentle and inviting,  
this amazing place my feet are alighting.  
I can’t resist, it beckons me,  
lay down here now, lay down and be.  
There I was, in soft silvery hour so blue,  
covered in warm mud of an amazing hue!  
When suddenly, to my surprise,  
Something beside me began to arise!  
I watched in awe, as a blossom so true,  
clothed in softest of white,  
it pushed through the blue!

How beautiful is this? I just had to say!  
And then up came another  
and I found I could say,  
“Come up giant blossoms,  
come out of the clay!”  
And suddenly, I was surrounded  
in giant closed flowers,  
They began to grow up, up, up,  
on tall green towers.  
It was then that I noticed the water was fluent,  
I began to float, I began to be buoyant!  
There I was amid all this green,  
As crowded blooms grew above me,  
hard to be seen.  
It was then that I noticed  
that the night gave way  
to the soft luminescence  
that was the beginning of day!  
Upwards I floated gently  
as the blossoms stood tall,  
amid giant stalks that made me seem small.  
The glorious water kept flowing on in  
lifting me up, within the within.  
I found myself floating right up to top  
and it was then that the blossoms  
decided to pop!  
The soft luminescence gave way to the gold,  
And the glorious sunshine  
was a sight to behold.  
The giant white lotus gave way to great blooms,  
a magnificent tapestry upon Heaven’s loom!  
And if all that beauty wasn’t enough of a high,  
A heavenly angel appeared in the sky.





*Luna* by Steve Schoonmaker // Pastels



## **Dream Catcher-Catcher**

*Little Russell aka Little Rustle* by P. Payne // Oil on Canvas

By Gabriel Cap

A hole opened on my bedroom wall last night, the size of a fist.  
What flew out was covered in black mist.  
It looked like a butterfly—black wings and brown eyes  
It was there to steal my dreams. But I told it, “Hey, I need those things. I’m a writer.”  
It didn’t seem to care, it just floated around everywhere.  
There was nothing for it to take—after all I was still awake. So, it went back through the hole.  
Today I went to see a medicine man. He said, “You need a dream catcher-catcher.”  
So, he wove it together while I burned some incense.  
I looked at him like the whole thing made sense.

So, I got a dream catcher-catcher hung over my bed. I pretend to be asleep.  
When the butterfly flies back in, like a fly to the web, it gets caught, stuck by the head  
I try to pull it out but all it does is kick and shout.  
So, I take the dream catcher-catcher, butterfly, and all  
And hang it over that hole in the wall.  
I watch the butterfly get sucked back into that hole, and then I watch the portal close.  
I leave the dream catcher-catcher hanging there, so now I won’t be bothered no more  
Tomorrow I’ll probably find out that medicine man just wanted my wampum  
And it was all part of his plan.



# All Day, All Night

By Jillian Gold

They don't deserve our dreams

After all our sacrifice

For daily bread

And yet

How often do we find

Our selves on the clock

Satisfying tasks

Stressors from

The world of wake and toil

Hear the ticket print endless

Lunch Rush

Ticktickticktickticktickticktick REEEEEER

Ticktickticktickticktickticktick REEEEEER

Here they arrive from their offices

Satisfying hunger

On schedule

Ticktickticktickticktickticktick REEEEEER

Ticktickticktickticktickticktick REEEEEER

12 Medium Rare

1 Medium Rare -no bun +sub salad

And always,

*Always*

That one Well Done

Just to remind us

We are not in charge

Life will never be in perfect order

14 burgers

All Night Long



*Fruity Dreams* by Amlia & Morea Masolini

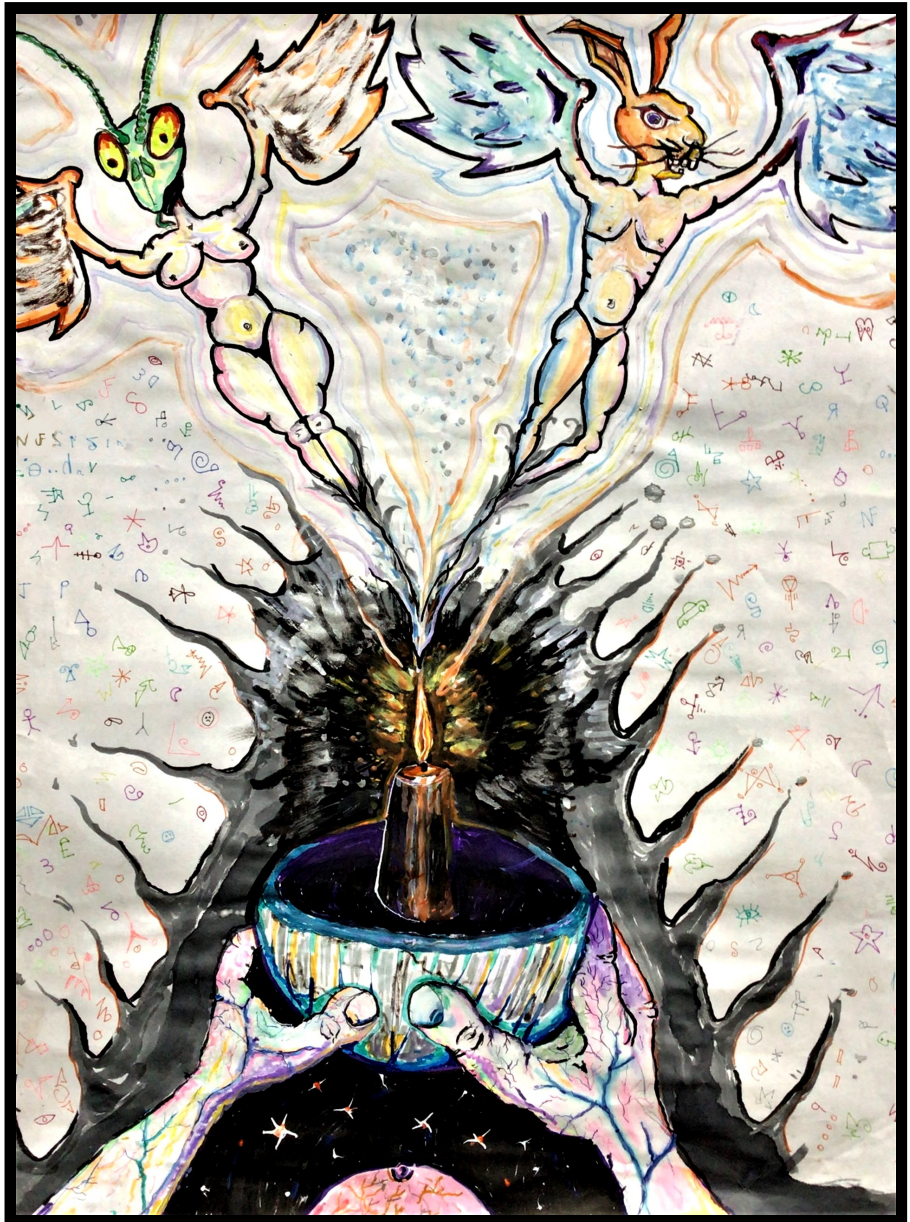


# Hibernal Equinox

By Rob “*the Professor*” Brown

Crystal, Crystal candle fed  
Am I in the attic or asleep in bed?  
Dying leaf falling from a greater tree  
Dead skunk smells like a past-gone me  
Stumbling up a trail, I cough and I wheeze  
My feet step through clouds, whose sandals are these?  
The tale is woven from his flame red hair  
In the rabid mind of a sleeping bear  
The stars form dew drops on the web of a spider  
It's depth is infinite and grows wider and wider  
Lost in venom, stones grow soft under my head

The spider's young must be fed  
The dream is pumped  
From my withered soul  
Could I have reached  
Life's end goal?  
Surrendering my self,  
A squirrel's seed  
No reason to keep  
What you don't need





## Dreams

By Scarlett Tarabochia & Oshiana Black

Photograph by Chris Byrnes

Isn't it strange how you lay down at night  
And before you realize, it is morning light?

Is it not crazy how time seems to fly  
But the days and the hours often drag by?

If there's one thing I hope for you—it's to think long-term  
Weaving intricate details of the desired outcome

Hold firm to your dreams  
Never let them fade  
If you do, life is like a bird in a cage

Realize tomorrow's likely, but not a certainty  
And your momentary existence is not eternity

Even with abbreviations—have conversations, patience  
Act while envisioning the future—but *be here now*  
In the deafening silence  
Laying here, wondering *How?*



## Existential Crisis While Berry Picking (#2)

By Kate Trudeau

I *fall* to my knees  
In reverence to the soaked squishy earth  
Cradling bleeding berries  
Lungs inflating with musky marsh.

With each inhalation  
Soaking up crisp sunsation  
Exhaling the *fallout*

I'm *falling* apart  
Can't keep it up  
Being blown down  
By the *windfall* of summer

So in this season of death  
I manifest decay  
Of the priorities

*Fall* away from the ego.

*Fall* for inertia.

*Fall* in love with myself.

*Fall* into bed

As hibernation crawls towards

And the clocks *fall* back

This is the start of something beautiful

Shorter days to fill with joy

*Falling* into step with the word no.

Embracing the

To Don't List

Autumn . . .



Photograph by Darcy Saiget





*Ronald's Clocks* by Jude Nel // Watercolor & Ink

**BACK COVER:** Painted in Cordova, "Procida at Night" captures the quaint Italian island off the coast of Naples. The artwork was inspired by a mother-daughter trip with Linda Prechel (Van Den Broek) following an educational experience teaching English in the Tuscan countryside of Italy. The subsistence fishing community of Procida parallels Cordova—resembling an alternate reality in which the early mornings are accompanied by fresh pastries and cheap espresso. Elka learned to paint at a young age under her grandmother, Mazie Van Den Broek.





*Procida at Night* by Elka Mae Prechel // Acrylic Painting